

and a high brick wall around the vast courtyard. On top of the wall were a walk and turrets for the guards. A belfry topped the entrance office.

The Castle was designed to hold four or five hundred prisoners, but during the two and a half years I spent there the number ranged between one and two thousand. Some had been sentenced, others were in pre-trial custody or were held on administrative order. The prisoners were almost evenly divided: those held or convicted for political crimes, common criminals, and "criminal-politicals," a motley group consisting of peasants arrested for agrarian unrest, soldiers and sailors accused of mutiny, and persons charged with holdups committed for political reasons.

I was taken to Room 12, a political pre-trial ward. Most of its four score inmates were in pre-trial custody, charged with participating in the S-D and S-R organizations; others were Anarchists. The latter were very different from the hysterical and confused characters whom I had met in the harbor of St. Petersburg. My place on the plank bench happened to be next to Chardash, the leader and theoretician of the group. He was a tall man in his early thirties with a hard, unsmiling face. From him I learned that his companions, arrested in different parts of south Russia, had been brought to Ekaterinoslav for a mass trial. Some were in Room 12, the rest dispersed in different wards all over the prison.

Chardash himself was a man of considerable erudition: he had recently returned to Russia from Heidelberg, Germany, where he had studied philosophy and history. He firmly believed that society was rotten in Europe as well as in Russia. Half measures such as political freedom and parliamentarianism could not help. Salvation lay in the destruction of all existing institutions. I recognized an echo of Bakunin in his words, but something new had been added to the old ideas of the father of Russian and European anarchism. Chardash believed in what he called "motiveless violence." As he explained: "If you must annihilate your enemies in order to free the world, you should kill them as lightning does, not like a hangman." A few acts of motiveless violence were committed in south Russia in 1906-7. Bombs were hurled into a café patronized by the rich in Odessa and into two or three luxurious hotels. Each time, innocent people were killed and wounded. It seemed almost unbelievable that one could consider such acts as a way toward freeing mankind.

Another remarkable Anarchist was Pavel Abramchuck, a young man with a curly beard and the mild brown eyes of a dreamer. He had a soft, musical voice and liked to talk about books. His favorite authors were Tolstoy, Kropotkin, and Stirner. Once he